HORACE

HIS

Ode to VENUS.

LIB. IV. ODE I.

IMITATED

By Mr. *POPE*.

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Q. HORATII FLACCI

ODARUM

LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA *Venus diu*
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor!
Non ſum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: Deſine, dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

117 x 13

THE FIRST ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE:

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my Breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen *Anne*.
Ah ſound no more the ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing Hearts your wanton fires,

Tempeſtiviùs in domo

Paulli, *purpureis ales oloribus,*

Commeſſabere Maximi,

Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.

Namque et nobilis & decens,

Et pro ſollicitis non tacitus reis,

Et centum puer artium,

Latè ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.

Et, quandoque potentior

Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,

Albanos prope te lacus

Ponet marmoream, ſub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura; lyræque & Berecynthiæ

Delectabere tibiæ

Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtulâ.

To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round M**y all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With every ſprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy Conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Græcian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial Life and ſocial Love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary Scene.
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding Lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the Dance, or animate the Song;

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero:

Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

—— Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?

Nocturnis te ego ſomniis

Jam captum teneo: jam volucrem ſequor

Te, per gramina Martii

Campi; te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

There, Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal Garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
—— But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe at one glance of Thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended Dream,
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt, (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver Ray,
And now, on rolling Waters ſnatch'd away.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Imitation of the ſame Ode was writ ſome time before the Publication of the foregoing. The Author is not ſo vain of this ſmall Atchievement in Poetry, as to enter the Liſts with the able Tranſlator to whom the other is aſcribed. He has taken a wider Compaſs, and indulged himſelf the Liberty of many foreign Thoughts, which happened to ſuit his Diſpoſition of Mind at the time of its Compoſition. The chief Intention of its ſeeing the Light at preſent is, to prepare the Publick for a greater Collection of the Odes of the ſame Author, done in the ſame Manner, chiefly of ſuch as contain in them a nobler Moral, and a more uſeful and general Application to the Conduct of human Life.

Nec turpius fuit vinci, quàm contendiſſe decorum.
Ovid. Met.

ODE

On the Model of

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE I.

VENUS! call'ſt thou once more to arms?
Sound'ſt thou once more thy dire alarms?
Annoy'ſt my peaceful ſtate again ——
Oh, faith of treaties ſworn in vain!
Seal'd with the ſignet of thy Doves,
And ratify'd by all the LOVES.
Spare, GODDESS! * I implore, implore!
Alas! thy ſuppliant is no more
What once he was in happier time,
(Illuſtrated by many a rhime)

* *Parce precor, precor!*

When, skill'd in every ruling art,
|| Good A***s ſway'd his yielding heart:
Love's champion then, and known to Fame,
He boaſted no inglorious name.
Now, cruel Mother of Deſires!
That doubts and anxious joys inſpires,
Ah why, ſo long diſus'd, again
Levieſt thou thy dreadful train;
That, when in daring fights he toil'd,
So oft his youthful ardor foil'd?
Oh! let thy hoſtile fury ceaſe,
Thy faithful veteran reſt in peace,
In the laborious ſervice worn,
His arms decay'd, and enſigns torn.
Go, go, * Swan-wing'd! thro' liquid air,
† Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r
Recalls thee from the long delay,
And, weeping, chides thee for thy ſtay.
My lowly roof, that knows no ſtate,
Can't entertain a gueſt ſo great:

In

|| *Sub regno bonae Cynarae.*
* *Purpureis ales oloribus.*
† *Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.*

In P******th's dome, Majeſtic Queen,
With better grace thou ſhalt be ſeen,
If worthy of the Cyprian dart,
Thou ſeek'ſt to pierce a proper heart:
For he to noble birth has join'd
A graceful form and gentle mind;
And to ſubdue a virgin breaſt
The Youth with thouſand arts is bleſt;
* Nor ſilent in his Country's cauſe,
The anxious guardian of her laws.
He, in thy nobleſt warfare try'd,
Shall ſpread thy empire far and wide;
Confirm the glories of thy reign;
And not a glance ſhall fall in vain.
† Then, when each rival ſhall ſubmit
The prize of Beauty and of Wit,
And Riches yields to fair Deſert
The triumph of a female heart;
Grateful thy marble form ſhall ſtand,
Fair-breathing from the Sculptor's hand,

* *Et pro ſollicitis non tacitus reis,*
† *Et, quandoque potentior*
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli.

Below the Temple's pillar'd pride,
Faſt by a ſacred fountain's ſide.
* Where TWEED ſports round each winding maze,
There ſong ſhall warble, incenſe blaze;
Nor dumb ſhall reſt the ſilver Lyre,
To animate the feſtive choir.
There twice a-day fond Boys ſhall come,
And tender Virgins in their bloom,
(With fearful awe and infant ſhame)
To call upon thy hallow'd Name,
As thrice about the wanton round
With ſnowy feet they lightly bound.
—— || For me no Beauty now invites,
Long recreant to the ſoft delights.
Loſt to the charming arts that move,
Ah, dare I hope a mutual Love!
The fond belief, of pleaſing pain,
That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again.
† No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,
Where flow'rs their vernal ſouls conſume.

No

* *Albanos prope te lacus.*
|| *Me nec femina.*
† *Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.*

* No more the reigning toaſt I claim:
I yield the fierce-contended name,
Tho' daring once to drink all up,
While BACCHUS could ſupply the cup.
" Farewell, deluſive, idle Power!
" Welcome, Contemplation's hour.
" Now, now I ſearch, neglected long,
" The charms that ly in Moral ſong,
" How to aſſuage the boiling blood,
" The leſſons of the Wiſe and Good;
" Now with fraternal ſorrows mourn;
" Now pour the tear o'er Friendſhip's urn;
" Or higher raiſe the wiſh refin'd,
" The generous pray'r for Human kind;
" Or, anxious for my BRITAIN's fate,
" To FREEDOM beg a longer date,
" To calm her more than civil rage,
" And ſpare her yet one other age.
" Theſe, theſe the labours I purſue:
" Fantaſtic LOVE! a long Adieu."

Yet

* *Nec juvat certare mero.*

—— Yet why, O beauteous ‖ ******, why
Heaves the long-forgotten ſigh?
Why down my cheeks, when you appear,
Steals drop by drop th' unbidden tear?
Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow,
Why fails my tongue its maſter now,
And, fault'ring, dubious, ſtrives in vain
The tender meaning to explain?
Why, in the viſions of the night,
Riſes thy Image to my ſight?
Now ſeiz'd, thy much lov'd form I hold,
Now loſe again the tranſient fold;
Unequal, panting far behind,
Purſue thee fleeter than the wind,
Whether the dear deluſion ſtrays
Thro' fair * HOPE-PARK's inchanting maze,
Or if thy cruel Phantom glides
Along the ſwiftly running tides.

‖ *Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur?*
* *Te per gramina Martii*
Campi; te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

HORACE

HIS

Ode to VIRGIL,

LIB. I. ODE XXIV.

IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this Ode Horace *bewails the Loſs of a Friend. It is addreſſed to the famous* Virgil, *on the Death of* M. Quinctilius Varro, *who was equally dear to them both. He is mentioned again in the* Art of Poetry, verſ. 438. *and highly commended for a very ſingular Quality, his great Integrity and Frankneſs in correcting the Writings of his Friends. This Ode is inferior to none of this Author's excellent Compoſitions, for that Happineſs of Expreſſion ſo peculiar to him, and abounds perhaps more than any of them in Sentiments of Humanity and Tenderneſs, as are not only Proofs of the Writer's Genius, but demonſtrate what is ſtill more valuable, the Man of Worth and Virtue. There is a great Latitude taken in this Imitation, as indeed was neceſſary, from the different Nature of its Addreſs; but the Original is ſeldom entirely loſt, and there is an Endeavour to give to the Thoughts that are added the ſame humane Turn. The Alluſions to the* Pagan *Theology, which certainly loſe much of their Grace when introduced into Modern Poetry, and applied to Circumſtances of our own Times, are here accommodated and made to correſpond with a purer Belief. The* Loves, *the* Smiles, *the* Graces, *and all the reſt of that gay Troup, may ſtill be allowed to preſerve their Places in Love-verſes, and Poems of a lighter Turn. They may be ſuppoſed, in ſuch Caſes, real Exiſtences, and inhabite a fair Cheek as gracefully now, as they did a thouſand Years ago: But to introduce them into Poems of a ſerious Compoſition, is ſurely highly improper, and, if it is not an abſolute Proof of the Author's want of Faith, it is at leaſt a conſiderable one of his want of Judgment.*

Q HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIB. I. ODE XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM.

QUIS desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene; cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.
Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit :
Nulli flebilior quàm tibi, Virgili.
Tu fruſtrà pius, heu, non ita creditum,
Poſcis Quinctilium Deos.
Quòd ſi Threïcio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat ſanguis imagini,
Quam virgâ ſemel horridâ,
Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum : ſed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere eſt nefas.

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

IMITATED.

To a young Lady, on the Death of her Father.

I.

WHAT meaſures ſhall AFFLICTION know?
What bounds be ſet to ſuch a woe,
That weeps the loſs of One ſo dear?
Come, Muſe of Mourning! haſte, ordain
The ſacred melancholy ſtrain:
When Virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.

II.

Thy voice, with powerful bleſſings fraught,
Inſpires the ſolemn ſerious thought;
A heav'nly ſorrow's healing art,
That, whilſt it wounds, amends the heart.
A far more pleaſing rapture Thine,
When bending over Friendſhip's ſhrine,
Than MIRTH's fantaſtic varied lay,
Deceitful, idle, flutt'ring, vain,
Still ſhifting betwixt joy and pain,
Where ſport the Wanton, or where feaſt the Gay.

III.

In duſt the Good and Friendly lyes.
Muſt endleſs ſlumbers ſeal thoſe eyes? ——
Oh! when ſhall modeſt WORTH again,
INTEGRITY, that knows no ſtain,
Thy ſiſter, JUSTICE, free from blame,
Kind TRUTH, no falſe affected name,
To meet in ſocial union, find
So plain, ſo upright and ſo chaſte a mind?

IV.

IV.

By many Good bewail'd, He's loſt;
By Thee, O beauteous Virgin! moſt.
Thou claim'ſt, ah pious! ah, in vain!
Thy Father from the grave again.
Not on thoſe terms, by dooming Heav'n,
His loan of mortal life was giv'n.
The equal lot is caſt on all,
Obedient to the univerſal call.
Ev'n Thou, each decent part fulfill'd,
Wife, Siſter, Mother, Friend and Child,
Muſt yield to the ſupreme decree,
And every ſocial Virtue weep for Thee.

V.

* What tho' Thou boaſts each Soul-ſubduing art,
That rules the movements of the human heart;
Tho' Thine be every potent charm,
The rage of Envy to diſarm:

Thus

* *Quòd ſi Threïtio blandiùs Orpheo*
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat ſanguis imagini,
Quam virgâ ſemel horridâ, &c.

Thus far Heav'n grants, the great reward
Of Beauty, under Virtue's guard:
Yet all in vain aſcends thy pious pray'r,
To bid th' impartial POW'R one moment ſpare;
That POW'R who chaſtens whom HE deareſt loves,
Deaf to the filial ſorrows HE approves;
Seal'd ſacred by th' inviolable Fates,
Unlocks no more the Adamantine gates,
When once th' ETHERIAL BREATH has wing'd its way,
And left behind its load of mortal clay.

VI.

Severe indeed! Yet ceaſe the duteous tear;
'Tis Nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear.
See, ſee deſcending to thy aid,
PATIENCE, fair Celeſtial maid:
She ſtrikes thro' Life's dark gloom a bright'ning ray,
And ſmiles Adverſity away.
White-handed HOPE advances in her train,
Leads to new life, and wakens joy again;
She renders light the weight of human woes,
And teaches to ſubmit when 'tis a crime t' oppoſe.